

*A
Thousand
More
Verses*

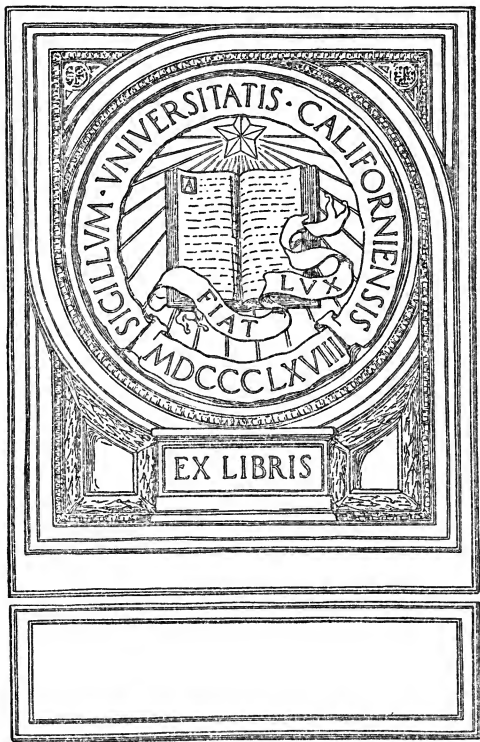
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*By
Will Carleton.*

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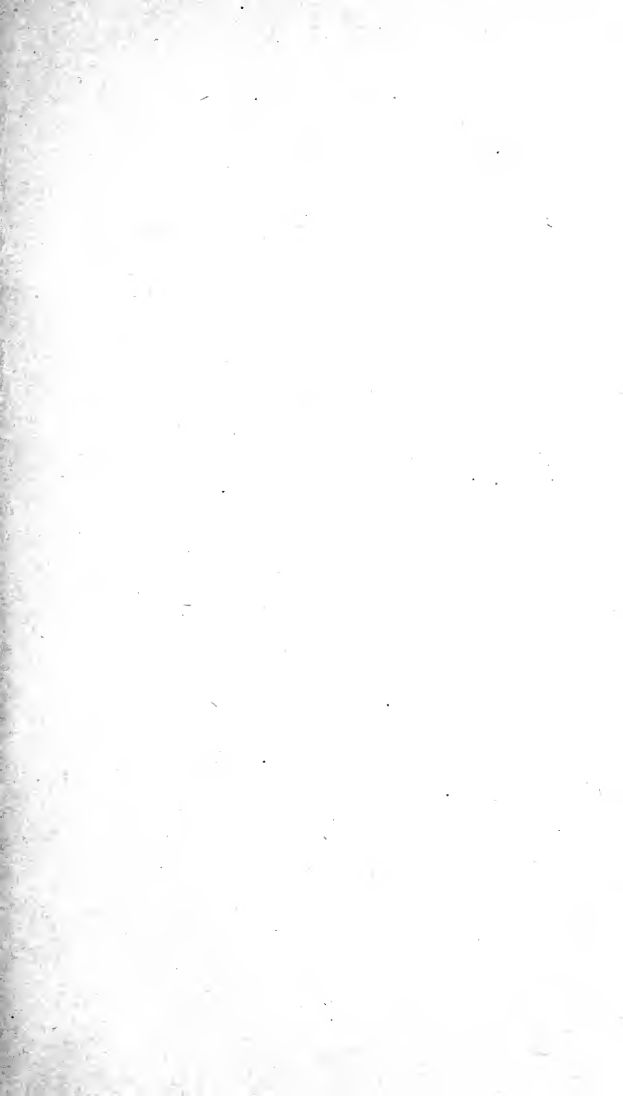
Compliments and
Kind Wishes, of

Will Carlton

Nov. 1, 1912.



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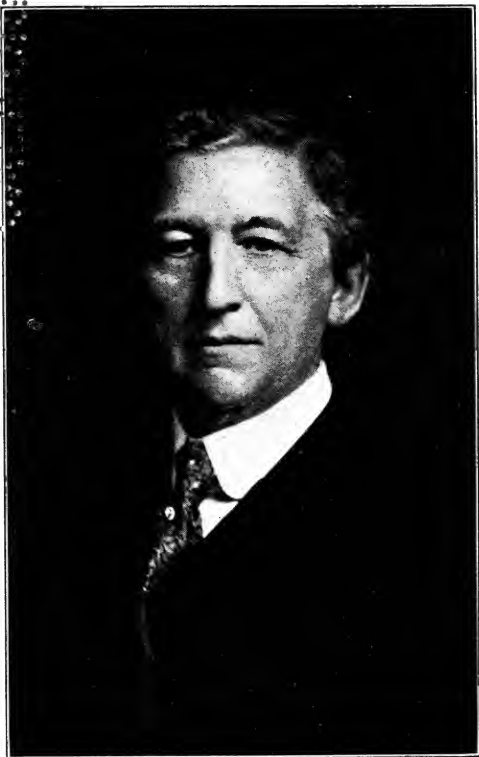


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A THOUSAND MORE VERSES

BY

WILL CARLETON.



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1381
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FIRST WORDS.

The word "Verse" is from the Latin "Versus", a line or row.

It means, as applied to literature, not a stanza, as is often supposed, but a line of poetry, or that which its author claims or designates as such.

The author of this book having been writing more or less verses all through his life thus far, inserts the word "more" between the second and fourth words of the book's title. There will be found a thousand verses in the book, and perhaps a few in addition, for good (or bad) measure.

Some people like to carry poems around, and read them as they have time and opportunity. That is why this edition of the book is made of suitable size to be a guest of the

M191795

FIRST WORDS.

pocket, or of the traveling-case, or of the mesh-bag.

More explanations will be found, in *Italics*, opposite some of the poems. These are used, because an introduction to a subject in prose, often makes the reader more likely to read the poem itself.



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A Thousand More Verses.

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS' MISSION.

Sadness and Gladness were walking
together,

As oft they had done before:

Sadness was sighing, and Gladness reply-
ing

With jewels of laughter galore.

"How on this earth can you find any
mirth,

When sorrow is sown in your sight?"

"How can you sigh," was the merry reply,

"When all of the world is so bright?"

Jauntily swinging, the Christmas bells'
ringing,

Came merrily sweet to the ear:

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

Sadness, unheeding despondency's pleading,
ing,

Sent upward a sweet smile of cheer.

But Gladness a tear dropped, warm and
sincere,

For the pain that the Christ-Martyr
bore;

And each saw the other: and Sadness
and Gladness

Twined arms, and were friends ever-
more.



NEW YEAR AND OLD YEAR.

NEW YEAR AND OLD YEAR.

Said New Year to Old Year,

“Of all you are bereft.”

Said Old Year to New Year,

“I still have mem’ries left.”

Said New Year to Old Year,

“What rank you all above?”

Said Old Year to New Year,

“The friends I loved and love.”





Dancing, done rightly, is an attractive and healthful custom. Who does not love to see a group of children engaged in this beautiful and innocent sport?

But when the amusement is employed to plant vile seeds of passion that may soon spring into plants of shame and woe, the common decency of a nation must regulate it and restrain it, if that nation wishes to live.

If all the dances could boast of as happy and beneficial a termination as the one rudely described as occurring in the "Heathen Nation," there would be no supervision or restraint necessary.



THE DEACON'S CHRISTMAS DANCE.

THE DEACON'S CHRISTMAS DANCE.

Brother, do you recollect, in some spiritual vacation,

Of the Christmas night we spent, over in
the "Heathen Nation"?

(That was what our people called it, since
it hadn't the same appearin'

As a place that antedated it a dozen years
in clearin').

[So said Ahab Adams, banker—owning
holdings few could purchase,

To his brother, leading pastor 'mongst a
hundred city churches.]

Those hard times out in the wood-lots—
how as boys we used to pass 'em!

Not a person went ag'in us, but we had
the words to sass 'em!

'Ceptin' Dad and Mother: Dad held with-
in the voice ingredients

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

That could close the dictionary on all
words except obedience.

And amongst the other orders this one
through my memory glances:

“Whatsoever else you do, don’t you go
to any dances!”

Christmas came—we ’tended church;
learned once more that we was sin-
ners;

Had a mother-meal at home—food enough
for fifteen dinners;

Fed the horses, stalled the cattle, soothed
small pains that shot across us,

An’ went up to bed at nine, by the clock
that helped to boss us.

Then I recollect you, brother—my! who
now would ever think it!

Whispered, “Youth is full of syrup: let
us go and help to drink it!”

Then we sneaked out of the window—
still as chaos ’fore creation—

Startin’ for a Christmas dance—over in
the “Heathen Nation.”

THE DEACON'S CHRISTMAS DANCE.

Mercy! didn't it make a flutter, when the
people saw appearin'

Four strong husky youthful Christians,
come from Deacon Adams' clearin'!

Still those sinners—not disposed to wast-
in' time with small surprises,

Didn't let us interfere with the reg'lar
exercises:

They rushed to us good an' hearty—not
as brands plucked from the burnin'

But as Deacon Adams' pris'ners from
cold storage now returnin'.

An' the fiddle—how it thrilled us!—every
kind of thought revealin':

Scoldin', cryin', grumblin', shoutin', whis-
p'rin', singin', warblin', squealin'—

Brother, have you any wonder, as we read
those memory-pages,

That we fellers went to dancin' jest as if
we danced for wages?

Was't a wonder that we shrunk, appre-
hensive 'mid the laughter,

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

When our straight-browed father rushed
in—havin' followed slyly after?
Any wonder if the father, when he felt
the animation
From the heads and hearts and heels of
that risin' generation,
When he saw them cleanly dancin' till
the timbers seemed to totter,
Recollected youthful pastimes, when his
blood was somewhat hotter?
'Special'y when a fair-faced girl, with a
red head like a beacon,
Pranced up softly to him, saying, "Dance
a hornpipe with me, Deacon?"

Is it any wonder that he threw all
restraint aside, untethered,
An' let loose a hundr'd antics that for
forty years he'd gathered?
Brother, don't you recollect how he
whirled an' jumped an' twisted?
He showed them there people capers that
they didn't know existed.

THE DEACON'S CHRISTMAS DANCE.

An' he murmured unto me, in the red-hot
of the revel,

"David danced before the Lord—I will
try it on the devil!"

Everybody on the job cheered our Dad
like all creation:

He was soon the crackerjack of the
whole dumb'd Heathen Nation!

But remember our surprise an' the laughs
that jumped around us,

When our dear old mother entered—hav-
in' missed an' chased an' found us!

But she al'ays had some fun layin' round
with her religion:

An' her toes took wings forthwith, that
would give points to a pigeon!

She eclipsed the red-head gal—took the
cake without much bother,

Makin' folks around there love her—even
more than they did father.

Well, I guess you'll hev to own it, that
'ere fast night *was* a sprinter!

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

And the sort of genial climate that you
don't get every winter!

That was Dad's an' Mom's last dancin':
but they brewed such admiration,
That their influence never died in that
wicked Heathen Nation:

An' you recollect, when Dad a revival
there inserted,

More than half the folks that lived near,
swung right in an' got converted.

Then you says—"In cornerin' sinners, do
not feel too much above 'em:

Kind of make 'em understand that, like
David, you're one of 'em."

THE DICTAGRAPH.

THE DICTAGRAPH.

"It can be placed in almost any room, without the occupant's knowledge."

Dictagraph—dictagraph—

You will make some people laugh,
You will make more people weep,
When around their words you creep.
Was there ever, far or nigh,
Such a shrewd and subtle spy?
Lovers, you have long forbidden
Small boys under sofas hidden,
But you now will soon condemn
Something that will discount them.
Guests that throng the big hotel,
Watch its nooks and crannies well;
Talk not of your own affairs—
Listeners may be down-stairs.
Counseling villains, low and high,
Keep a lookout for the spy;
If you have not done so yet,
Learn the deaf-dumb alphabet.



Just before the child happens in some way or other to lose the sweet and winsome Santa Claus superstition, he is a wonderfully interesting study, in his combination of the actual and the legendary. The Santa Claus story is one that the world will not willingly let die.

Whether the enterprising little fellow represented as indulging in the following reflections, knows the whole truth, in Santa Claus lore, or a part of it, or none of it, may be left to the imagination of the reader—who probably can remember at about what time he himself (or she herself) learned the real state of such matters. Of course we all wish it were true.



TOMMY AS SANTA CLAUS.

TOMMY AS SANTA CLAUS.

Ef I was only Santa Claus
A Christmas eve all through,
On your tin-type I'd show you what
A five-year old could do!
They say that boys is smarter now,
Than former fav'rite sons—
I ruther judge that that perhaps
Depends upon the ones:
But anyway I think I know
How dif'rent it would be,
Ef I was only Santa Claus,
An' Santa Claus was me!

I wouldn't have no deers nor sleds—
Them's happened long enough:
I'd build an air-ship big an' deep
To carry lots of stuff;
An' Jack could run one—so he says—
An' he's the one ter know—

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

An' then at nine p. m. I'd up
An' yell out "Let her go!"
An' we could take ten times as much
As if we had a sled,
An' use a wireless telegraph,
An' order goods ahead.

No chimney-stunts for mine! I'd have
To go along with me,
A good converted burglar, that
Could pick the locks, you see:
An' then I'd crawl up to the kids,
An' use my new flash light,
An' look their faces o'er an' see
What gifts would hit 'em right;
An' then I'd wish that I could watch
An' see their wake-up joys,
An' give 'bout twice as much to girls
As what I would to boys;

An' I don't b'lieve I'd call upon
The richest chil'ren first;
I'd go among the tots I thought
Was needin' me the worst.

TOMMY AS SANTA CLAUS.

I'd say these gilt-edged kids has pops
To buy their Chris'mas stuff,
Though I'll leave somethin' to piece out,
If they don't git enough;
But most of all the traps shall go
In stockings coarse, I'd say:
I'd bust 'em all! an' leave more socks
To start 'em in next day .

Then there's some folks, I've heard, so old
That kids again they be:
They'd all git somethin' took to 'em,
If Santa Claus was me.
I'd make 'em think of good old times
When friends that they had got,
Would give 'em things no matter if
'Twas Chris'mas day or not.
I'd sure have somethin' they would need
Ol'-fashioned, but first-rate:
'Twould be a good chance to close out
Things not quite up to date.

An' then I'd go to him himself:
An' wake him up, an' say,

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

“Dear Santa Claus you’ve made more
bright

Full many a Christmas day!
I’ve brought a present here I hope
You’ll take from me all right;
It’s just a kiss—like I give Pop
When he comes home at night.
An’ I shall pray, when I get back,
That you will prosp’rous be,
An’ buy an airship of your own,
An’ always send for me.”



DON'T LET THEM BURY ME DEEP.

DON'T LET THEM BURY ME DEEP.

(One Little Girl's Last Words.)

Lift me a bit in my bed, father,
Press your warm lip to my cheek,
Put your arms under my head, father,
I am so tired and so weak!
I cannot stay long awake, now—
Many a night I shall sleep!—
Promise one thing for my sake, now—
Don't let them bury me deep!

Look! who has come for me now, father,
Standing so near to my bed?
Some one is kissing my brow, father,
Mother, I thought you were dead!
See! she is smiling so bright to you,
Motions to us not to weep!
'Tis not "good-bye" but "good-night" to
you,
They cannot bury me deep!



The first railroad-trains were interesting but prosaic affairs. The locomotive was a rude boiler with a primitive smokestack at one end, and a woodbox at the other—all traveling at a moderate pace, on a track of wooden rails. The cars were mere stage-coaches tied to each other. There was much interest in the enterprise, but no sentiment.

Now, there is a most wonderful change in that respect, as in others. The railroad is as full of romance and sentiment, as is the ocean. The locomotive is often the sweetheart of the driver. The guild of railroad-toilers has its loves, its hates, its fancies, its superstitions. Ghosts are not uncommonly seen by railroad folk, or their fancies. Legends abound among them, full of sentiment.



THE BELLE OF THE NEW YEAR.

THE BELLE OF THE NEW YEAR.

(Veteran Engine-driver's Story.)

Oh, no! I'm not toiling on railroads,
although I wasn't built for to shirk:
I just limp around in the shops, here, and
criticise other folks' work.

And there's plenty more classy can do
that and haven't got my chance to
explain

And never went down an embankment,
along with an engine or train.

'Twas on a bright morning—the New Year
of Eighteen and eighty, and one:

The Boss of our shop says, "An engine
blue-blooded as sin, is just done:

And who shall we get for to drive her,
that's shown he can dare and can do?

My Boss says his Boss says the honor is
mostly pertainin' to you.

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

"You take her, and court her, and keep
her, as long, let it be understood,
As you two can manage together, and do
what we call 'making good';
And don't fret her too much at starting—
an engine's a woman, you know;
The more that you study her temper, the
better at last she will go.

"This here is a love-child: there's people
that works in the place, don't forget,
Put part of their souls in her make-up, to
have her the niftiest yet.
And when they do that for an engine, the
fact is close-guessed, if not known,
That they pile up a sort of prescription,
that gives her a soul of her own."

I went in there where she was standing;
I looked for first time in her eyes,
The boys, they had kept her in cover, God
bless 'em, their friend to surprise;
And if there was ever an engine that mortals
an angel might call,

THE BELLE OF THE NEW YEAR.

'Twas her that stood there 'mongst the
others—the certified Queen of them
all.

I said "Shall we travel together, my
Beauty?" ('twas foolish, I guess)
But out of her glorious splendor, I thought
that she smiled me a "Yes";
Her picture was taken, in grand size; that
night, to the big dance it came:
I christened her "Belle of the New
Year"—and that was thereafter her
name.

My best girl, she almost grew jealous: she
says, with her dear little pout,
"You'd better go marry this wonder you're
thinking and raving about:
I wish she'd get smashed!" then a mo-
ment, her face was like snow to the
view:
And she clasped my hand, saying, "Forget
it! for that would perhaps murder
you!"

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

Well, Belle and I journeyed together, two
years, through the storm and the sun,
With a love which is—what is the word
for't? "Platonic", I think is the one;
And she learned to talk back to me often:
she knew how to laugh and be sad,
And to sulk, and to give me my lesson,
when things veered a bit to the bad.

But never was schedules filled sleeker, or
passengers treated more grand,
Than they was by the "Belle of the New
Year" with me holding fast to her
hand;
And never was confidence closer, that
more and more steadfastly grew,
Than that which gained slowly and surely,
and then made its home with us two.

Still, life has its curves unexpected, and
bridges to trap you and me;
And that was a terrible winter—of eigh-
teen and eighty and three:
Two years we had been the star-sprinters,
in sunshine, and starlight, and shade,

THE BELLE OF THE NEW YEAR.

And compliments gemmed us like roses,
'most all of the journeys we made.

And that night, we scrapped with a
blizzard, that everything ugly contained!

But the "Belle of the New Year" kept
working, and never one second complained;

Not an inch could we see from the pilot;
but still we was bound to "make
good";

And work to our time-card as nearly as,
battling that snow-storm, we could.

"Keep up to your best, my brave beauty!"

I yelled, and believed she could
hear,

"It isn't very far to the term'nus—the rest
and the shelter are near."

But a broken rail—sneak-thief of safety!
—the Belle drew a long wailing
breath,

Then fell on her side, and went rolling a
hundred feet down to her death.

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

She, bravely wrenched free from the
coaches—the passengers stayed safe
and sound,

The fireman jumped into the darkness—
we buried him when he was found;

But the Belle wrapped her dear arms
around me, as together we made the
grim dive;

And my best girl came next day there and
found me—all crippled, and bruised
—but alive.

We buried the Belle in a garden: 'twas
sentiment, maybe you'll say,

But what are the goods of life good for, if
one blocks the heart's right of way?

I built up a monument o'er her, and oft
my best girl—now my wife—

Strews flowers o'er the Belle of the New
Year, and thanks her for saving my
life.

A PROPHECY.

A PROPHECY.

Have you seen the balloon vieing
With the lofty clouds in flying?
Or the aeroplane's resistance
To the tyrannies of distance?
How those hardy, fearless rangers
Grope their paths through deadly dangers!
How their mother Earth oft maims them,
When, at times she rudely claims them!
Or, in bonds no power can sever,
Clasps them to her heart forever!
Low beneath the sad winds' sighing,
Scores of them are meekly lying—
They who sped through many a nation,
O'er applause and admration.
But time comes, when thousands gaily
Those grand heights will traverse daily.



This poem was read at a "Valentine Breakfast," in New York. Among the many that were presented there, it was mentioned as the only sad one.

And yet, the fact was excused, and kind words came from all parts of the spacious hall of feasting: for it was known that the author had very recently sustained one of the most terrible losses in the world, and there were not a few present, who knew by experience what that meant.



A VALENTINE TO HEAVEN.

A VALENTINE TO HEAVEN.

I know not how these lines to send,
Dear soul that took the starward flight—
And yet our Past a hope doth lend
That thou canst read me as I write.
And if not so, thou yet wilt know
These whispers that are thine and mine:
For God hath ways to make it so—
And thou shalt be my valentine.

But if by some good messenger
This word must seek thy cherished
name,
Thy heart, I hope, will yet infer
Wherefrom the earthly message came:
Some little ways of thought or phrase—
Some hidden thrill 'twixt line and line,
That we two knew in olden days—
Will tell who wrote the valentine.

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

Sweet one, they cannot make me fear
That stately Heaven can check thy glee,
Or bar me from the comrade-cheer
That made the earth like Heaven to me!
For e'en amid thy toil to rid
Of pain and sin our suff'ring race,
Oft came the merry laugh unbid,
That never lost its girlhood-grace.

So while the silver jest goes round,
And while the air gives gold of mirth,
I feel thy heart may yet be found
Among the merriments of earth.
Heaven were a task, could I not bask
Within that merry glance of thine:
And so, 'twixt smile and tear, I ask
Thee, Dear, to be my Valentine!

THE LONG LENT-TIDE.

THE LONG LENT-TIDE.

She sat in the parlor, a maiden once
more—

Uncrimped, and unrouged, and un-
gloved:

But her sweet face a frown of anxiety
wore,

As she gazed at the man that she loved.

“Oh what can I do to my soul to be true?”

She was murmuring, over and o’er,

“So’s to suffer in ways for the dear
Lenten days,

That I never have suffered before?

“I have banished the sweetmeats that
shortened the day—

All the gems of the palate I shun:

And my pearls and my diamonds cower
away,

From the light of the lamps and the
sun.

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

And the thrill-haunted halls and the plays
and the balls

And the opera's voices of flame,
Are as nothing to me: or at most they
must be

On the doubly-locked door, just a
name!

But I do not as yet feel that I have
attained

What the spirit of sacrifice meant;
That my soul in its fights with my body
has gained

All the discipline offered by Lent.
I depend upon *you*: tell me something
to do

That of sacrifice true is a part!"—
'Twas the maiden's request, of the man
she loved best,

And the one she had robbed of his
heart.

Then he smiling said, "That which you
love best, my dear,
Excepting your family ties,

THE LONG LENT-TIDE.

You should fling from your life for a
week and a year,
if on wings of the soul you would rise."
And she said, "That is YOU! and 'tis only
my due,
That you go, till the sad time is spent!
If you love me, dear, now help me keep
the strange vow!"
And with heart bowed in sadness, he
went.





Upon Thomas Jefferson's venerable head are heaped the praise and the blame of our Fourth-of-July tumult and racket. He it was who first suggested that firecrackers should be burned, cannon fired, and pyrotechnics let loose on the anniversary of our nation's birth. Perhaps he regretted it, when he grew old and infirm.

The recent reforms in that respect are no doubt best for the public good: the "Safe and Sane Fourth" is spreading—to the nation's benefit and the surgeon's loss.

But no one can help sympathizing with the poor urchin, one of whose most delicious luxuries of life is, to make a noise.



THE FIRECRACKER BOY.

THE FIRECRACKER BOY.

On the steps of a house, still and sad as a
mouse

With no goods to destroy,
Unreservedly pained at the stillness that
reigned,

Sat the firecracker boy.

"There is nothin' to do, all this Fourth
o'J'ly through,"

He said, glancing around:

"There is no proper way for to work or
to play,

If you can't make no sound!

You can set in deep thought how George
Wash'ton once fought,

An' didn't never tell lies;

An' how he—an' some more—waded
knee-deep in gore,

Almost up to their eyes;

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

You can say 'No one swipes any sparklers
or stripes

From the banner 't means Us,
Or to give it display in no improper way,
If they don't want a fuss;'

We can tell how our gran'thers fit worse
than wild panthers,

Concernin' this flag,
Which, in school, when we studied, no
kid that's full-blooded,

Could help but to brag;
We can sit an' say 's'posin' there rushed
any foes in

To do us some dirt,
We would straighten up stiff, an' take part
in the tiff,

Though we went dead or hurt';
We kin sit an' reflect in a manner correct,
Feelin' Patr'tism's thrill,

An' it's all straight an' true: but what
good kin it do,

Ef we've got to keep still?

"An' these folks that forbid us to lift up
the lid

THE FIRECRACKER BOY.

In the old-fashioned way,
They can noise up an' down, through the
country or town,
Ev'ry night—ev'ry day;
An' their mob'les kin creak an' their
whistles kin speak,
Sayin' 'Out of the way!'
An' we boys hev to mind 'em, or lay down
behind 'em,
Dead, 'fore we are gray.

"An the bands' horns can sing like some
many-voiced thing,
An' the drummers kin pound,
An' there's no one I see 'cept us men
that's to be,
Re'lly stinted in sound;
An' the day it is free, jest as fur's I kin
see,
In the general joy,
For all hands to make noise—'ceptin' only
jest boys!"
Moaned the firecracker boy.



It would be interesting, to some one who had nothing else to do, if he would audit up the months of the year, and of all years, and learn which had produced the most distinguished people. Perhaps the result might even have a scientific value.

I happened to write this in August, and used such material as came to my mind: but could with a little research and patience with myself, have extended the poem into several pages more. And even then, the record might be surpassed by other months.



CONVERSE WITH AUGUST.

CONVERSE WITH AUGUST.

August—August—stormy or fair!
What do you bring in your sultry air?
Tender mornings and starlit skies—
Golden clouds with the glad sunrise;
Cooling zephyrs and stifling heats—
Thunders rolling in lofty streets;
Lightning aiming at towers and trees—
Chill rains dripping from floating seas.

August—August—stormy or fair!
What have you seen men do and dare?—
Oh, it was on my third bright day,
Gallant Columbus marked his way
Far to the empire yet to be,
Out where the sunset kissed the sea:
He had no nation when all was done,
But he had found a place for one.

August, August, stormy or fair,
When did you give the world despair?—

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

Once in my midst, an August morn
Told that a Bonaparte was born:
One that would swim Ambition's flood—
One that would drench the earth with
 blood:
Yet with his sword would cut in twain
Many a petty tyrant's chain.

August, August, stormy or fair,
When did a wizard stroke your hair?—
Once, when my days were half way
 through,
Came a child from the far-off blue—
Soon to cover with laurels grand,
All the hills of his fatherland.
That was the Scottish Walter Scott:
Never his name will be forgot!

August, August, stormy or fair,
What have you more that is sweet and
 rare?—
Millions of babies: born to bless
This great land in its comeliness,

CONVERSE WITH AUGUST.

Or by Indolence' wiles or worse,
Making their coming into a curse.
Will their staying be ill, or well?—
God and the world will some time tell.





Never has a more terrible and portentous ocean-disaster taken place, than the one a thousand miles east of New York, on the night of April 15. All classes of society were represented in this sea-slaughter; all grades of mentality were robbed away from the earth. I say this was portentous, for it indicated that no ship could for many years, if ever, be built large enough and strong enough to be surely safe from destruction from the ocean.



THE WRECK OF THE LINER.

THE WRECK OF THE LINER.

The night is a vision of splendor; the
stars hang in clusters on high;

The oft-troubled ocean is resting and
smiles at her sister, the sky.

The storms that have fought through the
winter from battle's confusion are
free;

And only the children of zephyrs are
playing about on the sea.

What more could wild wastes of the
waters throw into a sweet silent
song,

To welcome the pilgrims of pleasure that
traverse their regions along?

What less could they do in that star-
light so strangely unclouded and
bright,

To guard 'gainst the traps that are waiting
to plunge a whole world into night?

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

Here glows on this sea's mottled surface
a mammoth of beauty and grace:
This is not a ship, but a palace, that flits
through the regions of space!
It carries in untold abundance all things
that the fancy can please—
Few kings in this world ever journey sur-
rounded with splendors like these.
No wish and no whim but is granted from
only a gesture or word,
If also the yellow disc's rattle, or rustling
of bank-notes be heard.
The rest-rooms are lavish and stately; the
banquet-halls silver-and-white;
The couches that nourish the slumbers,
are beautiful nests of delight.
And all of this grandeur seems saying, in
words at the deep waters cast,
"Bow low to proud man, ancient Ocean!
—your terrors are conquered at
last!"

What names does this argosy carry:—the
paltry?—the mean?—the unknown?

THE WRECK OF THE LINER.

Or such as the world has already through
many vast distances thrown?

It carries a true Peace Apostle, who
fought his way up toward the sun,

And, scanning two worlds, conjured marvels
in helping the uplift of one;

It carries a capital's idol—a boon to a
President's sight—

• Because he is not upon one day, but all
days, a chivalrous knight;

It carries some makers of fortunes, some
rulers of monies and marts,

Who keep their great riches in wide
hands, and not in the depths of their
hearts;

It carries the pure souls of women whom
angels are watching tonight,

And who in the hour when earth dark-
ens, will make even Heaven more
bright:

It carries its fugitive hundreds, who in
their own homes were oppressed,

But now grand air-castles are building,
away in the glittering West;

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

It carries the day-by-day toiler, who all
of his muscle must give,
For prosperous mortals' permission that
he and his loved ones may live;
But all are to learn the great lesson—
they long should have known, pru-
dence deems—
That man cannot conquer the oceans,
except in illusory dreams.

O ship-chiefs! the world has two oceans!
—the one to your efforts gives way—
The other is frozen to mountains that
trap you for many a day.

Just now watchful men through the ether
flashed tidings of woe in your path:
Why rush at the half-hidden monsters, as
if you were seeking their wrath?
Though you for the coining of money
your own lives to venture are prone,
What right have you over these thousands
who lent you the care of their own?

O ship-chiefs, your ways are mysterious:
they give your long training the lie;

THE WRECK OF THE LINER.

What mandate has told you to hasten, with
murderous danger so nigh?

Have you not, when peril was frowning,
or welcome security smiled,

Been taught the great axiom that caution
and safety are parent and child?

The ship races on: its vast regions are
flooded with billows of light;

Till, wearied with even the good cheer,
some sojourners welcome the night,

While others still cling to their revels,
and plunging in pleasure more deep,

Look forward as oft in the home life, for
small hours to soothe them asleep.

But many a grave man has handed to
darkness the care of his cares,

And many a child has seen Heaven
through clear unstained windows of
prayers,

And many a woman o'er-wearied, the
sojourn of Morpheus has blessed,

So she to the dictums of fashion can fling
some defiance, and rest;

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

But all look ahead to one morning when,
 nearing the spires and the domes,
They leave with new feelings of freedom,
 this grand floating home, for their
homes.

What craft looms upon the horizon, with
 chilling and ominous breath?
It sailed from white deserts of North
 Land—it carries a cargo of death.
It needs not of chart or of compass: it
 wrecks not of grief or of pain;
It spares not the dead or the living—it
 counts not the lists of its slain.
O watchman be keen to your duty! These
 moments are treasures untold!
For time at a stress has a value not reck-
 oned in silver or gold.
O man you have thrown a defiance at all
 that destruction can do,
Your brothers and sisters are praying the
 boasts of your prowess be true!
O tranquil but pitiless ocean! your cruel-
 est storm-clouds are nought

THE WRECK OF THE LINER.

To this starlit evening that flashes on ice-
mantled graves dearly bought!
This fair night will hear moans of anguish
that soon must encompass the world:
Not tossed, this vast home on the waters,
'gainst billows tumultuously hurled,
But steadily cov'ring the false hopes of
frighted humanity o'er,
The ship from its flight o'er the billows
must fall to the sea's solemn floor.

Nought, nought but the heart can e'r pic-
ture the agonies known and un-
known,
That throng through the night's desolation,
with horrors unspeakable strown:
The wrenching from halls of the banquet,
to roofs of the desolate wave;
The wearisome watching for rescue, to
come from the far-distant brave;
The crushing of new-made devices that
serve not to save, but to kill,
The life-boats that turn into death-boats,
for lacking of seamanship skill;

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

The hurried and agonized partings that
 come with this terrible doom,
And shroud the sweet love of a lifetime
 by changing the sea to a tomb;
The cry of the child for its parent, the
 wife's and the husband's vain call,
The prayers of the righteous invoking the
 aid of the Father of all;
The fragile flotillas with women too brave
 their own sorrow to tell,
Like slaves at the galley-oars toiling, still
 hoping that all will be well;
The grief of the half-thousand toilers who,
 prisoned with clinging bolts nigh,
Have nought they can do for escaping
 except in that prison to die;
The tremulous strains of musicians, who,
 just from the pleasure-hall's glare,
Creep "Nearer to God", when around
 them are dancing the ghosts of
 despair;
The cries of the maimed and the dying,
 who languish o'er death-beds of
 waves,

THE WRECK OF THE LINER.

On ruins of yesterday's splendor that
soon are to dig them their graves;

O great God! You saw all this anguish,
You deemed it was best to be so:
But all for the best is intended: You
know what we never can know.





The birds that have travelled so long between the unfeathered races and the sky, cannot understand the balloon and the aeroplane. The smaller ones give these formidable-looking engines of the air a wide berth, while the larger and more powerful ones sometimes attack them and their occupants.

As the science of Aviation continues to make progress, birds of all sizes will no doubt learn to get out of the way as soon as they can, when they view an air-craft approaching: and we may yet see bird-hunts from aeroplanes or dirigibles, as one of the approved sports of the day.



EAGLE AND AEROPLANE.

EAGLE AND AEROPLANE.

Who are you, speeding along this way
Above my head?

Why do you come to the clouds today?
The eagle said.

Had you not heard that pathways high
Only were made for such as I?

Did you not know that from your birth,
You were appointed to walk the earth?
Do as you long were wont to do:

Stab my mountains and creep them
through;

Swim your rivers or bridge them o'er;
Ferry the seas from shore to shore;
Plunge through halls of a starless deep,
Where the hosts of the tempests sleep
And count their dead;

But you were made not, as was I,
On the wings of the winds to fly!

The eagle said.

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

What in my country do you seek?
What is of wealth on the mountain peak?
Which of the gems has it begot?
Where is its gold, excepting what
 The sun has shed,
You who squander the hoards you save—
Haughty slaves of the “yellow slave”?

 The Eagle said.

Dig in the earth for earth that buys:
Clutch with your greedy hands and eyes,
What, if it win your poor heart, will
Serve but to make you greedier still—

 By food unfed;

What do you care for the sky above
More than to aid your own self-love?

 The eagle said.

Even your daring flight today—
So the gossiping birdlets say,

 With gold is wed:

You, a hero of skies, indeed!
Back to your stony dens of greed,
 By avarice fed!

Then did the bird, with beak and wing,

EAGLE AND AEROPLANE.

Straight at the throat of the airman
 spring,
Looking a rage he could not speak,
Tearing away with claws and beak.
But from the bold intruder came
Five sharp volleys of blinding flame,
 And piercing lead:
Symbol of heroism, beware!
Doff the emperorship of air!
 The echoes said.

Maimed and bleeding, and sick with
 hate,
Fluttered the bird to his fierce-eyed
 mate,
Where, on a ragged rock and gray,
She with her callow fledgelings lay.
Do not again such conflict dare,
Screamed this lioness of the air:
Men will yet journey here in crowds:
You are no more the King of Clouds.
Man is the only mortal who
Whate'er he wills to do, will do.
Though he be wayward oft, and wild,

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

Still he is God's own well-loved child--
From angels bred:
If he will only do and dare,
He can yet rule Earth, Sea, and Air!
The eagless said.



THE SEA-BIRD IN TOWN.

THE SEA-BIRD IN TOWN.

Look upward! the sea-bird is coming to
town!

He has left his wide home floored with
billows of blue,
And is winging invisible paths up and
down,

O'er our river that cleaves the great
city in two.

O'er the long wave that dashes to sea-
ward each day,

Long miles toward the sunrise; then
fights its way back

Through oceans of men that are flinging
the spray

Of love and of hate—gifts and greed—
on their track.

From great lofty windows, proud mortals
gaze where

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

This eagle-like bird spurns the roofs for
the air!

How he laughs and screams downward at
domes and at spires!

How he scorns all the goals of men's
deeds and desires!

For he heeds not the splendors beneath
him—

Or clouds that with bays might en-
wreath him:

He thinks of the callow young children at
home

At his nest in the rocks where the white
breakers foam,

His children—so weak and so helpless are
they!

And he dreams his way homeward still
clutching his prey,

Dreams of miniature sea-birds who'll grasp
with delight

The treasures he brings from his far
speedy flight.

How his life is a strife and a play—

THE SEA-BIRD IN TOWN.

Bird spun from the sun and the clay!
He can float—feathered boat—on the
 sea,
Though the waves—restless graves—
 clamber free;
He can fly toward the sky in his mirth,
Though the clouds—leaden shrouds—
 clothe the earth;
He can pierce through the fierce light-
 ning's glare—
He can sleep in the deep thund'rous
 air,
His mattress the spray and his pillow his
 breast,
And the whole heaving ocean the couch
 of his rest.
'Tis as if a poor crushed-down and earth-
 burdened soul
In a prison of needs—in a tyrant's con-
 trol—
Whose body away from the spirit had
 died,
Had now sprung to the freedom long
 sadly denied!

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

Safe from harm let him fly! for we mind
 of sad loss,
When the famed Ancient Mariner's dead
 albatross
With the wound of the cross-bow upon
 him, still threw
The black luck of death on a bold, merry
 crew.

Free and proud let him swim! for the
 treasures below
In the great tossing deep, where he glides
 to and fro,
Gathered year after year, since The Ship
 had its birth,
Far surpasses in wealth all the cities of
 earth.

Come again in our ken, bird of cheer!
"Luck" hath claim to thy name: bring
 it here!

Tell our home—tell this dome-bordered
 shore—

To be great is its fate evermore;
That no gale shall bewail its re-
 treats—

THE SEA-BIRD IN TOWN.

And no earthquake have birth in its
streets;
That no pestilence threading its joy-loving
throngs,
Shall turn its gay measures to funeral-
songs;
That no foe will build deaths on its wave-
girded walls,
Or strew fear and despair through its
homes and its halls,
From the far-away sea and their "rockets'
red glare",
Or the ominous bird-ships that now sail
the air;
That 'twill teach the great truth for the
whole world to see,
How a city *can* live, though its subjects
be free!
And, menacing meanness and welcoming
worth,
Be greatest of all the great cities of earth!



How CAN this country fail to become one of the best educated ones in the world, as long as people are willing to make such sacrifices for their children?

Who but must admire their self-abnegation in favor of those who are coming on to fill their places?

Of course, sometimes, they overdo it: and it strikes me these parents did.



EDUCATING THE FAMILY.

EDUCATING THE FAMILY.

Go you to bed now, Olga, and get you a
good night's rest:

Needed we'll be tomorrow, and both must
do our best.

Summer is well near over—the days will
soon be cool;

Fix must we now the children, and start
them off for school.

Dorothy she'll be going a part of every
day,

Out to a kindergarten, to teach her how
to play:

Never need to worry at all to choose her
fun—

Even a part of the playing is by the
teacher done.

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

Tommy he is in sixth grade: you hardly
would suppose

Children could ever learn half the little
rascal knows!

Thirteen separate studies he had, or very
near:

And I am told the number will be in-
creased, this year.

Emily's in the grammar school: the cun-
ning little sage!

Knows some several times more than I
did at her age;

Knows who she's going to marry, and
leaves it me to learn;

Acts and talks like really 'twas none of
my concern.

Johnny is in the high school: it's living
life anew,

When that brilliant darling gives me an
interview!

As he comes in to dinner, his airs are all
so fine!

EDUCATING THE FAMILY.

Seems as if we'd invited some duke or
prince to dine.

Lionel's off for college—he's one of their
smartest smart:

He has been studying football, and knows
it all by heart.

Also the Greek and Latin: which no one
need condemn,

But which, if he did not study, 'twould be
the worse for them.

Samuel, he's a graduate—learned all they
have to tell—

Now again he is with us, and tired, and
not so well.

Have you forgotten, Olga?—I'll tell you
once more, then—

Have his breakfast ready, in case that he
wakes at ten.

As for their father and mother—we've
had some years ago

All the old-fashioned learning on things
we need to know;

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

But we are bound that our children, what-
e'er their future fate,
Must have an education, and have it up
to date.



TO THE WIZARD OF ALBION.

TO THE WIZARD OF ALBION.

Hail, Dickens! if in yonder star-girt land,
Thou canst but wander through its
streets and vales,
And then before the breathless millions
stand,
And tell thy merry and pathetic tales,
If thou canst still thy daily toil prolong,
Plead for the right, and battle with the
wrong,
The happiness of Heaven will round thee
spread,
For thou thy path Heaven-given still wilt
tread.



It is stated in holy writ that he who calls his brother a fool, is in danger of something very much hotter even than the remark; but there may be cases where the fool himself is not entirely outside of danger.

Certainly; any one who meanders through life with no regard for the rights or comfort, or even the lives of others, deserves some kind of punishment, either in this world or the next—maybe both.



THE FOOL THAT DROPS THE MATCH.

THE FOOL THAT DROPS THE
MATCH.

It has been said, that anywhere,
The biggest fool afloat,
Is he who makes a rocking-chair
Of some one else's boat:
But equal with him in the race,
The eggs of woe to hatch,
Is, in unknown or known disgrace,
The fool that drops the match.

What is't to him, if, in his haste
A fragrant weed to try,
The folds of woman's pride and taste
Hang dangerously nigh?
What if a precious life recede
With flame-enhanced despatch?
He did not do the shameful deed:
He only dropped a match.

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

What is't to him, if stores of wealth
In flame may disappear,
Or friends that walked in joy and health,
May nevermore come near?
What if explosions upward spring,
A hundred lives to snatch?
He didn't do much of anything:
He only dropped a match.

Incendiary—guilty one
(As yet not doing time)
You'll learn the lesson, ere you're done,
That carelessness is crime.
But when your 'future home you view,
And lift its red-hot latch,
No matter then how often you
May drop the lighted match!

CONQUEROR, AND CONQUERED.

CONQUEROR, AND CONQUERED.

"Alexander died from a drunken debauch."

There was a rumor, 'mongst the nearer
stars,

That the freed spirit of the Median chief
Sped to the giant planet Jupiter—

Twelve hundred times and more the size
of earth.

"Ah! here is something worth the ef-
fort!" he

Said to a grim old Thracian, who had
fought

Many a battle hand in hand with him,
And whose bold spirit also there was
thrown.

The Thracian threw to him a fearless
smile.

"How can you think of conquering this,"
he said,

"You who were conquered by a cask of
wine?"



Some people are color-blind; some tone-deaf. Some do not know the sacred melody of Pleyel's Hymn, from Fisher's Hornpipe: and yet they love music, and join in it, or rather hang upon it, with unrestrained voices, every chance they get.

If this soft-hearted Irishman had only been given a connecting link between his sentiment and his violin—if he had been able to voice upon the magic strings of the resined harp the sweetness of his mind and heart—he might have made the world weep with his playing.



LEARNING RORY O'MORE.

LEARNING RORY O'MORE.

Sure I lived a whole yare [said young
Patrick Maroney]

Widin the same hash'ry wid Michael
Mahoney,

Around the same table we bored and we
boarded,

And ate iverything that the panthry
afforded:

But that was enough for the price, I'll
allow—

Which was nothin' to what cooked pro-
visions is now.

An' wid chaffin' an' laughin' we got along
well,

And I loved him as much as I'd care for
to tell.

But my frind had one habit that made you
forget

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

Oftentimes, what a charmin' young feller
you'd met.

He would wake half the night, would this
sing'lar lad,

And would schrape on a rusty ould fiddle
he had,

And if time and if tune at a million each
went,

He would niver be able to lay up a
cent;

And I ask, "What's it for?" and he says,
swate as June,

"I'm jist learnin' to play one perticular
tune:

They say ganius is work, and of work I'm
the doer:

And you one day will hear me play 'Rory
O'More.' "

And he went and took lessons here—
there—anywhere—

And his teachers all stuck in the bogs of
despair;

LEARNING RORY O'MORE.

But he said, "I'll kape on for the shtrings
to talk right,
Till the cows all come home an' die during
the night:"
And I says to my frind "I'm afeared ivery
day,
That the tune the old cow died on's all
ye'll e'er play:"
But he worked and he scraped what the
house would endure,
In a way would have murdhred poor Rory
O'More.

An' he took off the resin by pounds:
an' I said,
"Was the music used up when they made
the man's head?"
And he'd ask me o'er often when through
for the night,
"Don't you think, now, Maroney, I'm get-
tin' it right?"
An' I says ivery time—wid the truth to
commune—

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

“It might slip in as part of a Chinaman’s
tune,
But I think if poor Rory that racket
should hear,
He would turn in his grave an’ then shtop
up his ear.”

Well, the rest of the boarders felt mostly
like me,
And they give the poor lad the name
“Fiddle Dee Dee;”
And he made some excursions clane out
of his head,
An’ he took loads of med’cine, an’ took to
his bed;
Till the docthor decreed (the poor fellow
was poor)
“He can live for one day, but I can’t give
him more.”

And I said through my tears, “Say, dear
boy, does it be
That ye’d like to sind words to your folks
o’er the sea?”

LEARNING RORY O'MORE.

And he whispered "Tell Mother, my ould
mother dear,
That I'd hoped to come homeward an' see
her this year,
And to play her the tune that she danced
o'er and o'er,
When a light-hearted maiden—swate Rory
O'More.

Faix the fiddle along I was goin' to bring,
And wid Rory surprise her, the very first
thing.

So I worked till I calloused my fingers and
thumb,

But however I coaxed it, the tune would
not come;

And it never will be my good fortune, I
fear,

To be playin' that tune for my mother to
hear."

Then he slept for a minut'—then raised
up and cried,

"Bring the fiddle here quick! for she
seems at my side!"

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

An' he snatched up the bow, and upon my
dear word,
He played "Rory O'More" schwate as
ever you heard!
And he sunk—wid a smile of affection
and pride,
And then followed the Doc's last pre-
scription, an' died.

An' there drifted one mornin' a letter our
way,
How that Mike and his mother both
went the same day!
And there's some of us dramy ones
thought it was sure
That while passing, she heard him play
Rory O'More.

ON THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

ON THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

"Not yet, but soon."

Said Bacon to Shakespeare, I oft hear
your name—

In five diff'rent spellings they quote it:
But as for the STUFF—truth is always
the same—

You know mighty well that I wrote it."

Then Shakespeare replied, "here's still
work to be done—

There is no use to scold or to banter:
For yonder in new robes of khaki, comes
one,

Who settles all questions instanter."

Then the referee smiled, and said "What's
in a name?

Uncalled-for this crass conversation—
By George, neither one of you scribbled
that same:

'Twas ME, in an off-incarnation."



Parodies have always been considered a legitimate species of humor—and often more notable for their deviations from the original, than for their resemblances to it. Every writer with a sense of the ludicrous, has indulged in this species of literary gayety, in one way or another. Few notable poems, but have been parodied (and often by able hands) again and again.



O WHERE WILL BE.

O WHERE WILL BE.

A PARODY.

Oh where will be the cats that yawl—one
hundred years from now?

And dogs that in the night-time call,
“Bow-wow-wow-wow-wow-wow”?

We do not know: we only know that
Time sometimes is good,
And Death may do a lot of things that
language never could.

Oh where will be the fellow-man—what-
ever he deserves,

That whistles in the railway-car, and rasps
our trembling nerves?

We do not know: we only hope that ere
a century goes,

His improvised and doleful tune may
reach a blessed close.

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

And where will be the gentle maid who
strikes our fancy dumb,
By wagging up and down her jaw around
the sizzling gum?

We do not know: posterity however, yet
may hope
That her descendants will espouse another
kind of "dope."

And where will be the dear small boy, an
hundred years to come,
Who, when his neighbor wants to sleep,
exploits the festive drum?

The sweet and guileless little scamp—the
innocent young rogue—
May be in lands where harps are used,
and drums are not in vogue.

Oh where will be—if this be not a query
brusque and raw,
In what world of the future—my dear
neighbors' motherinlaw?

For in whichever one she ends her stren-
uous earthly race,
He wants to make some inquiries about
the other place.

STATE'S EVIDENCE.

STATE'S EVIDENCE.

(Suggested by Recent New York Events.)

What troubles arise betwixt brother and
brother,

When rascals fall out, and go shooting
each other!

What worry and grief it is certain to
make,

When gamblers find out that their lives
are the stake!

When men "higher up" the sad mourners
must join,

As well as the victims who furnished the
coin!

Then they who of dreariest facts have
possession,

Procure them some sackcloth, and run to
confession;

And each learns and studies the great
task betimes,

The art of confessing another man's
crimes.



If we did not hate the mosquito so bitterly, perhaps we would study it. We would find that it exists all over the earth, even in the Arctic regions, and is one of the plagues of explorers.

The male ones live upon such plants as they can find; relieving them, probably, of superfluous juices, which they can do better without. Having no nerves, the plants make no resistance, and the male insect has the pleasure of predatory dining, with none of its dangers. The female, however, has more courage, and attacks the thin-skinned human race, not seeming to apprehend any trouble, until the palm of a sturdy hand comes crashing against its frail anatomy.



TO THE LAST MOSQUITRESS.

TO THE LAST MOSQUITRESS.

"Only the female ones bite."

Last wing-vampire of the season!
Final of uncounted numbers!
You, for some sufficient reason,
Sing a requiem to my slumbers.
All the friends that you have known
Twined in merriment or pain,
From your gentle side have flown,
Or at sanguine feasts were slain.

Are you oldwife, mem'ry-laden,
Or a matron, blithe and bustling,
Or some fair insectile-maiden,
For a placid future hustling?
Were you watched by wingéd swain,
As you fluttered to and fro?
Are you—with or without brain,
Handsome, as mosquitoes go?

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

Have you pedigree to tell?

Did a grandame boast the process
Of the sinking of a well

In proud Caesar's strong proboscis?
Did fair Cleopatra pause

In her international cooing,
To extend bejewelled claws
For your ancestress' undoing?

Anyhow, you are my guest:

In the lamplight's faint refulgence,
Go ahead and do your best,

At one unrestrained indulgence!
Take your drop of blood, I say!

Mine a thousand times could fill
you:—

Guiltless vampire, go your way:

I'd be hanged before I'd kill you!

TO DEAD BUTTERFLIES.

TO DEAD BUTTERFLIES.

Sun-gilded things, jewels with wings,
 Joying, with tremulous motion,
How overhead gaily you sped,
Through the air's crystalline ocean!

Born into glee, fluttering free
 From the cold coffins that bound you,
Bright did you blaze, mid the warm days,
 And the new freedom around you!

Once you were down, worm-like and
 brown,
 In the weeds' chill-spreading shadows:
Then, death defying, far you were flying
 Over the gardens and meadows.



Oh, the automobile! what shall pedestrians do with it? Scarcely any one but can remember sundry narrow escapes from its swift-whirling wheels, and hundreds and perhaps thousands are in the cemetery, on account of the escapes being left out.

The laws that have been made with which to regulate this newer sort of transportation, seem almost as evasive as the machines themselves: but let us hope that some day it will be made reasonably safe to walk abroad in the public roads.



AUTOMOBILIA.

AUTOMOBILIA.

Ten men walking along the street,
Hailing the joys that mortals meet:
Comes an auto of swift design—
Now, alas! there are only nine.

Nine men crossing the public way,
Full of the joy of the golden day;
Sounds the whistle a bit too late—
Now, dear me! there are only eight.

Eight young children upon the road,
Playing in front of their abode:
Comes a smart recruiter of heaven—
Now, you note, there are only seven.

Seven men crossing the busy street,
Little knowing what they will meet:
Comes a craft of the River Styx—
Now, if you count, there are only six.

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

Six men running a touring-car,
Pondering not how safe, but far;
One of them reaches home alive—
Hospitals shelter the other five.

Five joy-riders unsafe to meet,
Riding amuck in the midnight street,
Fifty miles per the hour or more:
Now there are merely parts of four.

One poor fellow who stays at home,
Never abroad in the streets to roam:
He is in the invalid ranks—
But he as yet is living, thanks.

THE WELCOME—A PARODY.

THE WELCOME—A PARODY.

(New-Girl's Version.)

"O come in the evening, or come in the
morning,

Come when you're looked for, or come
without warning"—

Come when it's easy, or come with
endeavor;

Come when you're stupid, or come when
you're clever.

But please—if you care for me—don't
stay forever!



Some of us in Brooklyn frequently set our watches by the nine p. m. gun at the Navy Yard. Whatever else goes or comes, that great note of welcome and defiance goes sweeping over the city, as if to say, "A blessing for those who come to us with good intent—a grave for those who come to rob or injure us."



THE NINE O'CLOCK GUN.

THE NINE O'CLOCK GUN.

When the dark of the day nestles down,
And the stars hang their lamps in the
skies,

When New York, the old world-famous
town,

Part in flame part in shadow land lies,
When 'tis time that the children be wed
To the innocent white-pillowed bed,
But grim villains from over the earth
Soon will prowl to dishonor their birth,
Thus wren Night her first finger has
pressed

On the brow of the world, gently
striving

To soothe into much-needed rest,

With the magics of tender contriv-
ing;

Then thund'ring o'er roof-top and tower,

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

Comes the first mighty stroke of an
hour:

Then again, as at set of the sun,
Comes the boom of the nine-o'clock gun.

From the wave-guarded nest where our
fighting-boats rest,

When they've homed the far-away seas,
Comes this signal of power at the even-
ing's mid-hour,

That the timid may slumber at ease.
That the hearts of the West may with
confidence rest,

In the good will of nations around:
But the mailed hands of might are all
readily to smite,

Should that friendship a treach'ry be
be found.

So God grant that our peace with the
world may not cease!

But the flowers of a garden are nought,
Unless, shunning neglect, there is power
to protect,

When by cruel desire they are sought.

THE NINE O'CLOCK GUN.

So let nations "disarm", if they look for a
charm

In the ease of a duty undone.—

Gentle peace is our choice: but we still
must rejoice

In the boom of the nine-o'clock gun.





There is a great difference of opinion as to the desirability of gum-chewing in public. Some do not mind an occasional exhibition of it; some tolerate it; others abhor it. It has often been doubted whether musicians could do their best work while jamming their jaws up and down. It is remembered and stated that "Blind Tom", the famous negro pianist, frequently chewed gum while playing the most splendid compositions: but some say that his work was all inspiration, and he did not know whether he had anything in his mouth, or indeed whether he had any mouth, until after his selection was finished. The author of this takes no sides on the subject: he merely tries to reproduce the feelings of an ultra-imaginative music-lover, under certain circumstances.



DISENCHANTED.

DISENCHANTED.

I saw the moving pictures trace
Some several passions of the soul:
But most of all I watched the face
Of the piano's fair control.

How well she followed up and down,
The swift events that flittered there!
She voiced each view of field and town,
From radiant hope to black despair.

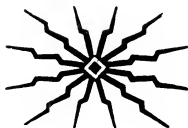
Whate'er of fancy or of fact
The whirling films were wont to do,
She with the most exquisite tact,
Made the piano tell it, too.

I crept up on her, as it were,
The glories of her art to trace:

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

I almost fell in love with her,
In that somewhat unusual place.

I nearer lurked: but oh, such pains
Disastrous were: my heart went dumb:
Right 'midst the most bewild'ring strains,
The little beast was chewing gum.



OCTOBER'S CONTRAST.

OCTOBER'S CONTRAST.

October held a carnival,
When Summer days had fled;
His halls were trimmed with blue and
gold,
And banners flaming red.
Now all the world with fowl and fruit
Were at his table fed;
The richest wines of bough or vines
Before his guests were spread.

October held a funeral
When Summer nights were fled;
And all the leaves and all the vines
And all the flowers were dead.
The richly-colored drapery
Was burial-robos instead,
And shorn of pride, he lay and died
Upon a lowly bed.



The destruction of a great American warship, in a foreign harbor, was one of the great tragic events of the century. It will be one of the mysteries of all centuries—for the real history of that terrible explosion that has been heard around the world again and again ever since, will never be told, or, if it is told, will not be credited excepting by a part of humanity.

Among its results was the freeing of Cuba from the tyranny of Spain; but the lessons learned from it were, if possible, still more valuable.



IN THE WRECKAGE OF THE MAINE.

IN THE WRECKAGE OF THE MAINE.

In the farm-lands or the city
Grieved a woman—sad—alone;
'Neath God's everlasting pity
She was weeping for her own.
Cabinets had toiled and wrangled,
Statesmen could not soothe her pain—
For that weary heart was tangled
In the wreckage of the Maine.

Through the golden halls of fashion
Moved a lady tall and fair;
Round her gleamed the flames of passion
On the soft magnetic air.
Suitors bowed and bent above her,
But their wiles were all in vain:
She was thinking of a lover
In the wreckage of the Maine.

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

On a cot, a sailor lying
 Bowed his soul in silent prayer;
Through the long days he was dying;
 But his tears were falling there,
For the gallant fellow-seamen
 Who might rest, while Time should
 reign,
In that sepulchre of freemen,
 'Neath the wreckage of the Maine.

On a continent of splendor
 Was a nation calmly grand—
Freedom's natural defender—
 Honest labor's helping hand:
And it spoke, half kind, half cruel:
 "Liberty, O Haughty Spain,
Soon may grasp another jewel
 From the wreckage of the Maine!"

CORALS, ON THE "MAINE."

CORALS, ON THE "MAINE."

The warrior ship had moored beneath the
waves,
Its tangled depths were crowded thick
with graves:
Each jewelled sword had bent a shattered
knee
Before the rusting sabres of the sea.

True patriots could not let their heroes lie
Without one glance of pity from the sky:
So delved among those caverns of despair,
And all the ghosts of ruin slumb'ring
there.

No gleaming triumph of the builder's
toil,
But one demoniac moment served to spoil;
And hearts long loved and cherished night
and day,

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

Were in a midnight tempest swept away.

It was a lesson to our minds—alas!

That warning: how or when it comes to
pass,

This world must heed the universal
touch,

And fall in Ruin's ever-waiting clutch.

But lo!—amid that sad and silent place,

Were tiny craftsmen of the coral race!

Those unobtrusive "toilers of the sea"—

Those builders of the islands yet to be.

With placid thrift, they plied their wizard-
trade,

Close-clinging to the fragments War had
made,

As if those had been summoned to their
call:

They knew not that the wrecks were
wrecks at all.

It was a lesson to our hearts!—with joy

We felt that Ruin is in God's employ;

And there are builders that we cannot see,

CORALS, ON THE "MAINE."

Erecting grander worlds for you and me.

It was a lesson to our souls!—above
The gloomy graves of those we loved and
love,
The joys they sought, our martyred lads
may know,
On spirit islands, fashioned long ago.



THE FUNERAL OF THE MAINE.

Out of the harbor she sought long ago,
Harbor that welcomed, but served not
to save,
Under the clouds, bending piteous and
low,
Crept the great ship to her grave.
Not from the battle's tumultuous breath,
Not from the glory of victory's morn:—
But from her travail of flame and of death,
Lo! a republic was born.

Not in the arms of this Queen of the
Wrecks,
Lingered the dust of her far-famous
dead:
Forests of palms hailed the flag on her
decks—
Roses above her were spread.

THE FUNERAL OF THE MAINE.

Long had she waited her funeral-day,
Lying in rough state mid sunlight or
gloom:

Now the world's plaudits each step of the
way

Followed her path to the tomb.

Full sixty fathoms we buried her low,
'Neath the rough sea and the ne'er-
changing skies:

Far from molesting of friend or of foe,
Heedless of tempests she lies.

Lies in the arms of the ocean-waves
pressed,

With the wet sea-roses over her spread,
While, with the love of a nation caressed,
Arlington cares for her dead.

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

THE ROSE'S LAMENT.

Another summer-time has gone, where all
the seasons go—
The autumn winds will soon be here, and
whistle to and fro;
The drooping leaves, in gaudy sheaves,
have closed their fall display,
And shown that everything must have its
night, as well as day.
The winter peers, O Mamma, from its icy
parapet,
And I—a bleak and lonely flower—have
not been gathered yet!

When summer came, you recollect, we
left the town behind,
And fished along the fertile sea, to see
what I could find:
I hooked Adolphus Arthur Jenckes, and
played on him awhile

THE ROSE'S LAMENT.

My swellest gowns and bathing-suits, and
best assorted smile.

But when I brought him safe to land, 'twas
with new-opened eyes:

Young Mr. Jenckes proved and was proved
a barber in disguise!

We found a most divine hotel, with all
our plans in tune,

Where eligible men at hops were thick as
leaves in June;

I dawdled round with three young shrimps,
and mildly was enraged,

To find that every one of them was sev-
eral times engaged!

When earnestness has been cajoled, the
one that suffered weeps:

It's hard to do the flirting-game, when one
must play at keeps!

We went where people who are sick pur-
sue a jolly round,

And drink such portions of the sea as
bubble from the ground;

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

We stepped into a boarding-house tumult-
uously serene,
And where I made myself, I thought, quite
proper to be seen.
Ralph's diamonds proposed to me—no
rivalship I feared—
Until, you recollect, Mamma, his second
wife appeared.

And then, that millionaire—oh my! we
wandered by the lake,
And I fell in, before his eyes, by pre-
arranged mistake:
Allowed myself to consciousness restored,
when best 'twould be,
And thought, "He's saved my life! of
course he'll have to marry me!"
How I to my præserver clung, with all the
strength I had!
But 'twasn't the millionaire:—'twas poor
old unexpected Dad.

I've had to take, you know, since first
from maidenhood I grew,

THE ROSE'S LAMENT.

Three tucks within my age, Mamma, and
there's another due;
Unless the angels intervene, I fear 'twill
never be,
That Hymen crosses o'er my path, and
swings his torch at me.
I'll try once more next summer: when, if
something doesn't befall,
I'll think I'll have to go through life an
"Auntie", after all.





Of all the ultra-mean things that are done in this world (and there are plenty of them, Heaven knows) the kidnapping of a child is one of the very worst. A villain who can play upon the homesickness of a little one, and the terrible anguish of a parent, for the sake of financial gain, has no right to expect mercy from the law, or from any human being who has a heart.

It is pleasant to dwell upon the fact, that in this case, there was one member of the gang, who did have a heart, when at last it was reached.



THE KIDNAPPED BOY'S PRAYER.

THE KIDNAPPED BOY'S PRAYER.

The deed was done—the game was
caught: the robbers grimly smiled
And chuckled at how easy 'twas to steal a
helpless child.

A lure into a carriage-door, a rush through
gleam and gloom,

A manufactured jail within a rude and
dreary room;

A warning to a homesick boy to keep dis-
creet and still,

With threatenings from men who knew an
hundred ways to kill;

A letter to the stricken sire with money
its demand,

And hints of death if so the coin came
promptly not to hand;

And night fell down upon the scene, and
left the boy alone,

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

With no one there save God Himself, of
all he e'er had known.

Of you who read this simple tale, the
strongest must agree

That 'mong all homesick, heartsick lads,
the wretchedest was he.

This was the first of all his nights when
none he loved was there;

The first that he had ever known without
a mother's prayer.

But he, still brave, in spite of all the ter-
rors round him thrown,

Pushed back a sob, and said "I guess I'll
have to pray alone.

"O Lord, of course you're on to this—
know all about the case,

An' why you let 'em bring me here to such
a shabby place;

It's goin' to make Pop rippin' mad—an'
tempt him for to swear—

An' Mom—I'm sure this instant now she's
joinin' me in prayer;

THE KIDNAPPED BOY'S PRAYER.

An' Sister Mabe is grievin' 'cause this
mornin' when we stood

An' scrapped about that little game, she
said I wan't no good;

An' Brother Rob has one the less to tell
his stories to,

An' Auntie Grace is worryin' 'round, not
knowin' what to do;

And Baby's gone just half to sleep, quite
sure things isn't right,

Because, you see, I didn't come and kiss
him 'sweet good-night';

An' Ninelives won't be half a cat without
me in the shed,

To pick a romp and scrap with him before
he goes to bed;

An' when tomorrow mornin', boys comes
round there on the sly,

An' gives our little curly squeal, they
won't get no reply;

An' Teacher she will sort of mope an'
feel a little sad,

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

An' state that now she's lost the most mischievous boy she had;

(An' yet she thought she liked me, too,
an' said 'twas very sweet—

That time with stones I plunked a dog
that bit her on the street;)

In truth, O Lord, I think they all would
love to see me back,

Though not so glad as *I* would be to take
the home'ard track;

An' if you'll help me out o' this, I tell you
straight and true,

Whenever it is so I can, I'll do as much
for you."

Of course it was a rough young prayer—
in neither prose nor rhyme—

Or grammar, such as one might use, in
youth's or manhood's time;

But still it may have worked more good
than words discreet and fair;

For God knows many curious ways with
which to answer prayer.

THE KIDNAPPED BOY'S PRAYER.

The bandit guard—an old gray rogue—
was list'ning at the door,
And caught some talk, the like of which,
he ne'er had heard before.
But echoes of a boyhood past came tolling
through his brain,
And his crude heart had softnesses that
worked the youngster gain.
“Come with me, kid”, he whispered soft:
the two foes sneaked away,
Perhaps ten minutes from the time the
boy commenced to pray.
They crept through many hidden paths
not fruitless of alarms,
But when next morning smiled, the boy
was in his mother's arms.



The good people of the country (and there are many of them) who are laboring in the interests of universal peace, are doing a great and grand work. They have already, no doubt, prevented several bloody and expensive wars.

Their plans, when successful, will settle most of the national disputes, by means of courts of arbitration. This means, really, large and expensive lawsuits.

But none of the nations ought to disarm, in anticipation of such a result. When a decision is made, they must be ready to enforce it, against any nation that refuses to abide by it.



THE STINGLESS BEE.

THE STINGLESS BEE.

A hiver of thought, through nights and
days

Forever inventing some new thing,
Was trying in long Burbankian ways,
To fashion a bee without a sting.

"O'er field and forest this friend could
go,"

He mused, as he toiled, one summer
day,

"And never a fight and never a foe
Its mission of splendor could delay.

"The time that it now in strife may use,
Could go to the peaceful help of men;
E'en children fondle it as they choose,
And never be stung—by bees—again.

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

"The syllable 'less', this planet o'er
On many a word has power to please;
And I shall be known, forever more,
As first deviser of stingless bees."

That night there came to his restless bed,
A queen-bee, wrapped in a filmy dream:
A halo of power adorned her head—
Her eyes were soft with the mother-
gleam.

"Strive not," she said, "ingenious one,
To rob my child of its sole defense,
Or from the treasures that he has won,
To say to him 'Helpless go you hence!'

"If through great floods of the life-strewn
air,
Unarmed we speed him upon his way,
The humblest insect lingering there,
May mark him out for an easy prey.

"If into a honeyed flower he creep,
To harvest its swaying mines of gold,

THE STINGLESS BEE.

Then wingless robbers on him can leap —
The sparrow's God may his death
 behold.

“And how of the treasures my palace
 boasts,
That man and woman so gaily share?—
Wild bees from the woods, in armored
 hosts,
With looted riches will fill the air!”

The hiver now, in his vision-dream,
A call from the tombs of patriots heard:
“Our monarch of sweets, 'twould surely
 seem,
Has given THIS NATION a warning-
 word!”



What will finally become of our neighbor-republic on the south? It is as large as France; as large as Great Britain; as large as Ireland; as large as Germany; as large as Austro-Hungary: in fact, nearly as large as all those countries put together.

It has a coast-line of 6,000 miles; it has all climates, all soils, and all metals. It has an ancient history that challenges the admiration of the most brilliant scholars; and a modern one that arouses the sympathy of the world.

Meanwhile, it is harassed by civil war, overrun by rebels, and threatened with one revolution after another.

Will we be obliged to adopt it, in order to save it from hopeless anarchy, and add twentyseven new stars to our own glorious flag?



IN MEXICO.

IN MEXICO.

Pessimist, Pessimist, high and low,
What did you find in Mexico?—
Nothing novel in act or word,
More than I ever have seen or heard;
Men are yet as they long have been;
Saints or sinners—whiche'er will win;
Brother with brother and race with race,
Bartering blood for power and place,
Strong men dying by night and day,
So the living could have their way,
Thus it has been and is ever so,
Where the pleasures and passions grow.

Dreamer—delver in long-ago—
What did you feel in Mexico?—
Shades of the Toltecs lingered there—
Aztec conquerings filled the air;
Cortez striking with greedy fangs—

Guatimozin in torture-pangs;
Star-flags greeting in bloody fray,
Cerro Gordo and Monterey.
Small Napoleon's empire-boast,
Maximilian's unhappy ghost;
All seemed wandering to and fro
There in the hills of Mexico.

Patriot, seeking the sunrise-glow,
What did you love in Mexico?—
Heroes teeming with bravery grand,
Fighting for God and father-land,
Still in the faith of duty strong,
Whether their cause were right or wrong.
Still did they suffer, toil, and fight,
Still did they seek with brain and might,
Something perhaps they could not see,
But that they hoped was yet to be.
Thus with their blood there yet may flow
Future blessings for Mexico!

INDIAN SUMMER.

INDIAN SUMMER.

When the misty Second Summer
Soothes again our wearied eye,
Or the storm—unwelcome comer—
Throws a frown upon the sky:
Still, the steady truth divining,
We may know the clouds are shining,
And the sky above is fair;
For the golden sun is there.

When the mist of Pleasure o'er us
Bids the soul in languor stay,
Or a sorrow looms before us,
Sending night through all the day,
Not exulting—not repining—
We may know that Heaven is shining:
With the eyes of faith and prayer,
Still we see that God is there.



When you go to Poultney, Vermont, drive or walk over to East Poultney, and see the exact spot where Horace Greeley came up the road from his home in Massachusetts, a few miles away—a slender lad fifteen years of age, and asked for a position as apprentice in the little old printing-office there, and engaged to contribute his services at forty dollars per year. A better-dressed, better-looking, and better-groomed boy, would probably have obtained more. He immediately commenced “making good”, and it was not many years before he became one of the leading editors of New York. His subsequent history is a part of the history of our country.



THE COMING OF GREELEY.

THE COMING OF GREELEY.

'Twas a day of summer quiet in the dusty
village street;

All the chair-haunts were deserted where
the gossips loved to meet;

Scarce a letter made its exit from the
small postoffice door,

And a lonely clock was ticking in the
crude old country store.

All the market-day's ambition back to
farming lands had gone,

And the sleepy dwelling-houses seemed to
struggle with a yawn.

'Twas not quite a time for banners of
success to be unfurled,

Or to look for an invasion from a leader
of the world.

Look! into the street there enters one
whose widely-spoken name

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

Soon will light this modest village with
the starlit torch of fame!
There is with you one whom Heaven has
intended as a seer—
One whose tones of honest wisdom all the
world will stop to hear;
Who will hold the thoughts of thousands
in the hollow of his hand—
Who will smite with leaden gauntlets a
great Evil of the Land;
One whose words of sturdy wisdom will
be read by night and day,
Wheresoe'er The Star-strown Language
has pursued its gleaming way;
Who in many a hut and palace will become
an honor-guest,
As he runs the blade of wisdom round the
Ulcer of the West.

Throng the streets, O sleuths of wonders!
here is something grand to see;
What a prince of stately presence must
this potentary be!

THE COMING OF GREELEY.

He has come with milk-white horses and
gold harness on them spread?

There are music-masters playing—there
are banners overhead?

There are trumpets singing triumph from
their bold and brazen lungs?

There are drum-heads swiftly rolling
music-morsels 'neath their tongues?

There are soldiers marching bravely,
through the village up and down,

Fiercely guarding with their weapons
o'er a never-threatened town?

All at once from bonds of quiet, claims
the thoroughfare release,

And the windows all are glowing with
the battle-flags of peace?

No! this hero of the future has no splen-
dors to employ:

He is not a princely ruler, but a poor and
lonely boy.

From the far-off country-regions, he has
struggled here alone,

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

To make good the high ambition that his
heart so long has known.
There is lack of preparation—there is
negligence to spare—
From his worn and dusty foot-gear, to his
tangled flaxen hair;
There is lack of boyish beauty, and of
studied city grace,
From the hard rough hands beside him, to
the freckles in his face.
But a dogged resolution will not let his
courage fail,
And his valiant heart keeps saying, “I will
conquer and prevail!”
Did he conquer?—let the chapters of his
brave life make reply:
For the boyish village printer won a name
that will not die.

ARBUTUS.

ARBUTUS.

Under the snow, under the snow,
The leaves of the trailing arbutus grow;
Toiling the earth that loves them nigh,
But hoping to some day see the sky.

Under the snow, under the snow,
The flowers of the trailing arbutus glow;
E'en in the dark their duty done,
But hoping to some day kiss the sun.



“I could sooner tell twenty people what to do, than be one of the twenty to follow my own showing”, Shakespeare makes one of his characters say. The dramatist thus gave another proof of the fact that he wrote for all time—or at least as long as human nature shall last. Everybody must admit that, and will always admit that the advice in the following poem, is a great deal more easily given than obeyed.



ADVICE TO OTHERS.

ADVICE TO OTHERS.

Smile—smile—smile all the while,
And soon you will daily wear it:
Grin—grin—what'e'er you are in—
And then you'll the better bear it.

Hope, hope, to the end of your rope,
Then struggle that rope to sever:
Mope, mope, and you'll find good scope
To follow the trade forever.

Toil—toil—your share of the spoil
Will come, some way or other;
Maybe in wealth, and maybe in health,
And maybe the love of your brother.

Give—give—'tis the way to live,
If good sound sense can guide it:
Save—save—and not for the grave:
But what you may need this side it.

A THOUSAND MORE VERSES.

Fight—fight—with all of your might,
Whenever the facts demand it:
Cease—cease—bring cargoes of peace
From victory, when you land it.

Think—think—like one on the brink
Of something too grave for laughter,
Well—well—of the heaven or hell
That follows us here and hereafter.

Trust—trust—as indeed you must,
God in his varied dealing:
Wounds He will give that your soul may
live,
And then—attend to the healing.

AUTUMN WEATHER.

AUTUMN WEATHER.

Yellow, mellow, ripened days,
Sheltered in a golden coating;
O'er the dreamy, listless haze,
White and dainty cloudlets floating;
Winking at the blushing trees,
And the sombre furrowed fallow;
Smiling at the airy ease.

Of the southward-flying swallow:
Sweet and smiling are thy ways,
Beauteous, golden Autumn days!

Shivering, quivering, tearful days,
Fretfully and sadly weeping;
Dreading still, with anxious gaze,
Icy fetters round thee creeping;
O'er the cheerless, withered plain,
Woefully and hoarsely calling;
Pelting hail and drenching rain
On thy scanty vestments falling.
Sad and mournful are thy ways,
Grieving, wailing Autumn days!





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